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IRELAND'S WRONGS

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

JACOB B. DUCKENDORFF.

CHARLOTTETOWN:
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PREFACE.

THE following poems have been printed in this format at the request of many of my friends who have read a portion of them as they appeared from time to time in *The Examiner*. That they are deficient in many respects I am well aware, but I know that the learned will consider their author's humble position and learning, and thereby overlook their shortcomings. I feel that I can say without boasting that they contain nothing which will in any way injure those who may read them. To do good has been my only object in writing them, and if they will fulfil that object even in the smallest degree, I shall feel that the time spent in their composition has yielded an abundant harvest. Upon the poem entitled "Ireland's Wrongs," I have spent no little pains and thought, and my hope is that it may be the means of enlisting some in the battle against that deadly evil, intemperance, which is fast spreading over our happy Island a cloud of darkness to shut out the sunlight from many a bright and peaceful home. The longer as well as some of the shortest poems have never before appeared in print, and my prayer is that a blessing from the Giver of all good may follow their publication.

J. B. D.

Southport, P. E. I., April 1st, 1889.

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IRELAND'S WRONGS:

OR,

The Reign of King Alcohol.

PART FIRST.

THE GEM OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

In broad St. Lawrence Gulf, whose depths receive
The waters of that mighty stream, whose lakes,
In beauty and in magnitude, surpass
All others,—in that gulf of many isles,
One spot there was, in peace and happiness,
The king of all the rest, Prince Edward Isle.
'Tis near that favoured land, whose heroine,
The beautiful and chaste Evangeline,
Called forth Longfellow's Muse; and strange it seems
That such a quiet spot for love and dreams
Should fail to share the company of one
Who loved a clime where peace and plenty shone.
This happy Isle, some four-score years ago,
Was stranger to the vices which have made
The greater part of this fair earth a curse;
But, like the happy paradise of old,
'Twas doomed to fall a victim to the wiles
Of Satan in as terrible a form
As he appeared to Eden's sinless pair.
Clustered in peaceful groups o'er this fair land,
The simple, honest tillers of the soil
Pursued their quiet tasks. Each had enough,

For all alike were diligent and none
Had cause to trample on a fellow-man.
Nestled amid the fir and hardy birch,
Upon a calm and charming land-locked bay,
Was Charlottetown, the capital and port.
In summer at her docks were seen the ships
Of Merrie England, with their merchandise
From foreign lands to meet the modest wants
Of simple people. Other craft was there
Receiving, in return, the generous loads
Of produce to supply the pressing calls
Of those who lived in less productive lands.
There could be seen the hardy fisherman,
With weather-beaten brow and kindly eye,
Disposing of his various scaly wares.

Around the ever busy market place
The simple country people flocked each day;
Descendants of the Scotch or English race
Were most of them, with here and there a stray
Red Indian, of copper-coloured face,
Beside his squaw, papooses, and display
Of tubs and baskets spread for sale around;
All smoking as they sat upon the ground.

Along the busy streets no selfish crowd,
With brutal rudeness or a thirst for gain,
Thrust weaker fellows from the way; none proud
Or haughty strove, with glances, to distain;
There e'en the frailest had all claims allowed
And vanity was crushed, for few were vain.
Each seemed to aid the general harmony
And all their ways betokened charity.

No vicious idlers roamed about the street,
With guilty mien and utterings profane,
Bent on some craven action should they meet
Sufficient opportunity to gain
Their selfish end. No fraud or base deceit
Was practiced by the traders as the main
Success in business : each valued most
An honest name no matter what it cost.

That crowning evil, Satan's bosom friend,
King Alcohol, had ne'er disturbed the peace
Of this well-favored land. No drunken fiend,
With bloated face, endeavored to appease
His raging thirst for poison. Such an end
Was dreaded more than death ; nor did they cease
To pray that such a soul-destroying curse
Would never come their loved ones to disperse.

In winter time, around the beechen fire
The rosy children of the farmer sat ;
Some listening intently while their sire
Taught them their evening tasks ; then after that
He told them pleasing tales at their desire,
Or gladly listened to their childish chat :
The rest, the girls helped mother knit or sew,
And all looked cheerful as the hearth-stone's glow.

Their Sabbath was the happiest of days,
And to the church all flocked from far and near
To offer up their prayers and songs of praise
To Him they loved above all else most dear.
And God was with them, for no vain displays

Tarnished their simple worship. Plain and clear
The pastor's voice made known each great command,
Until the dullest mind could understand.

Thus were they ever happy, ever free
From countless vices known to other lands.
They had no alms-house, for no poverty
Was ever known. No thieves or blood-stained hands
Were thrust in prison cells for safety.
They had no lawyers, having no demands
For such. Their law was simple faith and love;
Their statutes written by the Hand above.

PART SECOND.

A HAPPY PROSPECT.

'Twas Autumn, and the busy husbandman
Was cutting down the yellow, bending grain.
The scene was on the sea-shore, and the view
Extended to the high and rocky coast
Of Nova Scotia, forty miles away.
The islet at the entrance to the port
Of Charlottetown loomed up against the sky,
With here and there a cozy white-washed hut,
The quiet homes of hardy fishermen.
The shadows lengthened fast and all was still
Except the reaper and his followers
Who, close beside him, raked and bound the grain.
The near-approaching bell and lusty low
Told plainly that the cows were coming home;
And in the western sky the bright glow told
Of fast-approaching night. The workers, too,
Had left their former tasks and cheerfully

Retraced their footsteps on the homeward way.
They passed through fields of many pleasing shades.
The meadows, mown a few short weeks ago,
Were white with clover of the second growth.
The turnip fields, now only in their prime,
Were covered with a robe of living green;
While, next in turn, a broad potato patch,
Clothed in a covering of varied hues,
Evinced that it was near maturity.

A few more meadows passed and there appeared,
Upon a sloping hill that faced the sea,
A charming cottage almost hidden by
A heavy growth of grape and ivy vines;
And in the rear a fruitful orchard bowed
Beneath a load of red and yellow fruit.
Across the threshold sprang, with gladsome cry,
The merry children, hastening to meet
Their father and their brothers, who, in turn,
Gave each a kiss and in their brawny arms
Bore them to wife and mother at the door.
Then came the comely lasses from the barn,
Bearing the pails of milk, fresh from the cows,
To share the welcome which the rest received
And join them in the simple evening meal.

The cheerful supper done, all gathered in
The spacious hallway to enjoy the pure
And healthful air wafted from off the sea;
Also to talk about the stock and crops
And—what all careful people ought to do—
Arrange a programme for the morrow's work,
Before they would retire, with a prayer
That God would bless them through another day.

The night was beautiful. A full, round moon
Shone brightly from the starry, cloudless sky,
Lighting up nature with a radiance
As truly charming as the king of day.
The peace that rested on old nature's face
Was truly rivalled by the merry group
Who gazed delighted on so fair a scene.
"Oh, papa dear!" a little maid exclaimed,
"Do come and see the great, big ship,—be quick,—
It's going in the harbour and will soon
Be out of sight,—come mamma, Fanny, Bob,
And all of you!" This eloquent appeal
Brought every hearer quickly to the door;
And then just entering the harbour's mouth
Was a huge vessel, dimly visible
Among the shadows of the cliffs and trees
Which rose abruptly from the waters edge.
Her every sail was set, and yet she made
But little headway, for the gentle breeze
Was scarce enough to keep her canvas taut.
"Oh! it's a man-of-war!" said sturdy Bob,
A likely lad, and always to the front
To offer his opinions, right or wrong;
But, seeing father gently shake his head,
Bob paused a moment while his father said:—
"No Bob my boy it's not a man-of-war
But it's the ship we've all been looking for
These few past weeks." "I know which one you mean,"
Said bright-eyed Fanny, "It's the one that has
The load of emigrants from Ireland."
"Yes, you are right my dear," her father said,
"And in the morning all of us shall go
To Charlottetown and see them come on shore."

At this the children clapped their hands for joy
And went to bed that night with happy hearts.

PART THIRD.

CONFIDENCE—"COMING EVENTS," ETC.

Next morning dawned as beautiful and bright
As any heart could wish, and through the air
The joyful birds were flitting to and fro
With screams of pleasure, welcoming the sun.
The inmates of the cottage were astir
As early as the birds and just as gay.
Before the sun had risen or the dew
Began to leave the grass and drooping flowers,
All had their morning tasks neatly performed,
Their breakfast o'er, and ready to set out
To welcome the worn strangers. At the door
The horse and cart stood ready to convey
Parents and children to the ferry-boat.
The wharf was reached to which the boat was moored,
And soon the joyous group were gliding on
The ocean waters of the Hillsborough.
The glassy surface of the river shone
Resplendently beneath the Autumn sun
Just risen from behind the eastern hills;
While, mirrored on its surface, were the town
And its surrounding signs of industry.
The river crossed, they landed at the pier
Close by the foreign vessel with its load
Of precious souls come hither for to seek
Freedom and fortune which they were denied
In their own island, far across the sea.
With hurried steps and hearts with welcome filled,

The kindly people flocked from far and near
To welcome to their isle their fellow-men,
And offer aid to those who were in need.
On board the ship the strangers were astir
As early as their friends upon the shore.
The deck was filled with waiting, weary souls,
Eager to leave their prison and once more
Feel underneath their feet the solid land.

A motley crowd they were, of every age
From infancy to second childhood's days.
Old men with wrinkled brow, which, like a page
Of history, told the reader all the ways
Of their past lives ; hard usage and neglect
Were stamped on every feature ; and their forms,
So far from being graceful or erect,
Were bent by other means than years and storms.
Young gray-heads showed that lives were quickly run
And age was come ere manhood was begun.

Pale women stood with haggard look and mien,
All beauty faded from their pallid brow ;
Poor relicts from the sorrow they had seen
And which so plainly marked their features now.
With downcast eye they leaned against the rail
As though they yet were wholly unaware
That they were in a land where all could hail
The liberty which all were free to share.
But, like a caged bird when first set free,
The way to liberty they scarce could see.

Maidens and lovers shyly stood apart,
The flush of youthful hope and bashful love

Lighting their faces with a glow that art
  Could ne'er do justice to. As far above
The earth as is the sun their vision soared
  Beyond that of the waiting, doubting host
Of sires and of mothers who endured
  Long years of hardship, that, whate'er it cost,
Their children might be spared the toil and strife
Which, in their native land, would burden life.

Others in awful contrast waited there,
  Gazing with swollen eyes and selfish look
Upon the fields and orchards, then so fair
  With harvest and ripe fruit; and their hands shook
Like withered leaves still hanging to the bough.
  Their whole appearance told the fearful tale
That they were slaves to rum and even now
  Were under its vile influence; but, like Baal,
Satan reigned in their hearts, and they could feel
No shame or mercy at their friends' appeal.

Children were there, in arms and by the side
  Of worn and broken-hearted mothers who
Had naught to love but them and bravely tried,
  As only mothers will, to keep their true
Feelings bound up within the burdened breast,
  And show their darlings but the love and light.
Happy, indeed, were they thus to be blest
  In childhood, with a lot as pure and bright
As here awaited them; and where each one
Might grow to noble heights 'neath freedom's sun.

And now the gang-plank is, with friendly hands,
Thrown from the vessel's rail to the strong pier

Which now is crowded to its very edge
With town and country people, old and young.
On board the ship the waiting emigrants
Flock to the rail, as eager for to land
As are their waiting friends to lend a hand
In helping feeble age and thoughtless youth
To disembark with ease and safety.
Then, while the strangers gladly, one by one,
Stept from their close confinement to the shore,
This song of welcome greeting rose in notes,
Hearty and clear, from out a thousand throats :—

Thrice welcome ye wand'rers from over the ocean
To this happy country where liberty dwells ;
May the peace that ye seek banish ev'ry commotion
And fill ever breast that adversity swells.
Fear not ye faint-hearted—'tis friends who await thee—
Come cheerily forward, no tyrant is *here ;*
Take courage ye weary—'tis warm hearts that greet thee ;
Come with us and share us in hearty good cheer.

Thrice welcome ye victims of base superstition,
Too long have ye labored 'neath tyranny's yoke ;
Throw off every fetter and let your submission
Be unto the One who has borne every stroke.
Pay homage to no one save He who has freed you
And brought you thus safely to this happy isle :
Be cheerful, for here are no wolves to impede you,
And life's deepest frown will be turned to a smile.

Thrice welcome ye poverty-stricken and cheerless,
Here plenty awaits thee thy toils to repay :
Prosperity sheds o'er the godly and fearless

The mantle of Gladness to light every way.
Pride, Discord, and Hatred to us are all strangers,
We feel not their sorrows, we know not their cares;
Goodwill and Equality shield us from dangers,
And Love binds us closely in all our affairs.

Then welcome, thrice welcome, we gladly would banish
All doubts from your mind; think no more of the past;
Live but for the future and all fears will vanish
Like hunger dispelled by a wholesome repast.
We wish you bright fortune, may Peace spread her pinions
Above you, to shelter your dwellings from strife;
And may He whose strong arm is o'er all his dominions,
Uphold you and bless you in all things through life.

This kindly welcome from warm-hearted friends
Removes the strangers' fears and quickly sends
The anxious, doubtful look from off the brow
Of many weary ones who, until now,
May never have been greeted with a voice
Such as would cause their spirits to rejoice.
The women and the aged trustingly,
With looks of gratitude, accompany
The strudy housewives to their cozy homes,
To share their bounty. Close behind them comes
A flock of children, gallant little band,
Leading the younger strangers by the hand.
On board the ship the men and boys are all
Busy assisting, with the truck and fall,
The emigrants to land their scanty store.
Barrels and boxes, furniture and wares
Of every sort, both singly and in pairs;
Horses and cows, sheep, fowl, and hungry pigs,

Rough farming implements, carts, sleighs, and gigs,
And other things too numerous to mention,
Even if it were worth time and attention,
Were piled amid discordant sounds and cries,
Without regard to species, worth or size.

PART FOURTH.

IRISH GRATITUDE—DOUBTS AND FEARS.

When all was landed, so the captain said,
And while the people with a little dread
Beheld the strange assortment strewn around,
And wondered where on board the room was found
For such a cargo, a rough voice called out
From the dark hold, "Captain, you stupid lout,
You have not taken up the rum and rye,
And by this time the boys must all be dry."
At this each hardy tar and foreigner
With an assenting nod said "Right you are;"
Then one rough fellow, with a crimson face
And wicked leer, said, "Boys it's a disgrace
To our old country that we did not treat
Our jolly friends the moment that our feet
Touched shore; but, boys, it is not yet too late,—
Come on my jovial friends,—come captain, mate,
And *drink* our health and long prosperity,
Likewise our comrades' far accross the sea;
And may we never lack the good old glass
Of sherry or Bourbon; boys let it pass."
At this rough speech and the still rougher mood
Of those they thought deserving, kind, and good,
The unsuspecting Islanders all stood
In speechless horror and amazement. Could

The wanderers they welcomed as their own
Consist of such as they? What power had thrown
Such monsters on their pure and happy isle
To steal, perhaps, their comforts and beguile
Their children and companions? Could it be
That they had brought with them across the sea
The crimes and vices which were such a curse
To Ireland and other lands? Or worse
Than all, was that evil of evils, *drink*,
To devastate their land and deeply sink
Them in the gulf of misery and strife
Which never fails to blight the purest life?
Those were the bitter thoughts which swiftly ran
Like daggers through the heart of every man
Who looked with deep disgust upon the one
Who still was pressing them to "Drink for fun,"
But seeing his entreaties were in vain
He turned to those he knew would not refrain.
Each emigrant in silence drained his glass,
Hushed by the firm refusal of the men.
Scarcely a word was spoken while they all
Hoisted the kegs and cases from the hold
And placed them by the goods upon the wharf.
That was a silent crowd which left the ship
And briskly walked towards their pleasant homes
Scattered in groups around the quiet town;
For, notwithstanding what had come to pass
Upon the ship, scarce half an hour ago,
The kind and hospitable Islanders
Invited all the emigrants to join
Their wives and children who had, long ere this,
Been safely housed, until the men would come.
The waiting ones, not knowing what had passed,

Soon knew that something far from pleasant had
Transpired in their absence; for the look
Of pain and shame which was so plainly seen
Upon the faces of the men and boys,
Who looked so happy when they left the ship,
Was ample proof that such must be the case.
  Well might the honest children and housewives,
Amid the peace and quiet of their homes,
Wonder what could have brought the troubled frown
Where now, above all other pleasant times,
They looked to see a greater beam of joy;
For ne'er before had any cause to grieve
Except when forced to part from some loved one.
  And yet in spite of all the doubts and fears
Which troubled the kind Islanders, the same
Assistance and free hospitality
Were shown to all the strangers, who, in turn,
Tried not to wound the feelings of their friends
By carefully avoiding every strife
And following their peaceful, humble ways.
Soon all forgot the trouble on the ship
And hoped they ne'er would see the like again.
  A week passed by; a very busy week
For Islanders and foreigners; all gave
Their labor and attention to the work
Of building little cabins on the farms
Which were alotted to the emigrants,
And where they were to make their future homes.
  Upon the outskirts of the settlement,
Adjacent to the city, was the land
They had to clear and then to cultivate;
And at the end of that short, busy week
The strangers were all comfortably housed

In cozy nooks beside the heavy wood
Of beech, birch, ash and maple, fir and spruce;
The forest primeval where roamed the bear,
Squirrel and fox, lynx, muskrat, mink and hare.

PART FIFTH.

STORM SIGNS.—REINFORCEMENTS.

'Twas early Spring and the new settlement
Was all astir with busy emigrants,
Who, with sharp saws and axes felled the trees
In the immediate vicinity
Of the log cabins. Soon they had a space
All piled and burned and waiting for the seed,
Which, in a soil for its fertility
The peer of any country on the globe,
Yielded a crop which gladdened every heart
And drove gaunt poverty far from their doors.
Near to the centre of the settlement,
A roomy, boarded structure had been built
Which was, by far, the largest out of town.
This was the store, kept by an emigrant,
An Irishman of ruddy countenance
And burly form; the same who, on the day
He and his comrades landed on the pier,
Pressed his good friends, the Islanders, to drink.
It was a grocery and hardware store,
A dry-goods shop, and everything combined;
And on its shelves, without regard to kind
Or tidiness, were packed the numerous
Necessities (?) of life. Behind the case,
Which served for desk and counter, sat the sole
Proprietor of the establishment,

Smoking a grimy pipe which constantly
He kept between his teeth, save now and then
When he was seen to take it from his mouth
On entering a small and darkened room,
Sometimes close followed by a customer.
The Islanders at times went there to buy,
Hoping this way to keep on friendly terms
With their new neighbors who, by every means,
Strove to secure the custom of their friends,
And give them not the slightest cause to doubt.
But, do their best, the wily emigrants
Could not conceal from the sharp Islanders
The fact that, underneath a fair disguise,
Dishonest dealing was being carried on,
As well as sinful appetites indulged.
Before a year of residence was passed
In their new homes, most of the emigrants
Had lost the good impressions and chaste ways
Which they received when with the Islanders,
And seemed to follow after for a while.
Slowly, but just as surely, they relapsed
Into the ways and habits which they brought,
Great was the pity, from "Old Ireland."
This bitter truth most plainly was revealed
After a second troop of emigrants
Arrived to swell the Irish settlement,
Brought over by the flattering accounts
Of the fertility and happiness
Of this fair isle and its inhabitants.
The time was come at which the emigrants,
Encouraged and elated by the new
Arrivals of their fellow countrymen,
Grew bolder and less friendly every day

Toward the very people who had been
So kind and helpful when they were in need
And strangers in a new and foreign land.
That ancient proverb, "As the twig is bent
So will the tree incline," was verified.
The fair face and fine but deceitful ways
Were being put aside, and in their stead
The genuine display and character
Were now beginning to be known and felt
Among the much alarmed Islanders.
The spacious store and its proprietor,
The most important, were the first to throw
Aside their fair disguise, and had become
The chief attraction of the settlement.
The secret, darkened room had been enlarged
And was no longer entered privately.
A door and windows, facing on the road,
Removed all doubts as to its character,
For, through them, every traveller could see
The bar and its accompanying stock
Of bottles, flasks, kegs, jars and tumblers;
And at one end a *choice* variety
Of pipes, cigars, tobacco, and like stuff
Suited to such as frequent taverns.
At night, especially in the winter time,
And on the Sabbaths throughout all the year,
The tavern keeper was well patronized.
'Twas there the emigrants, women and men
Of every age, assembled to discuss
All matters which related to themselves
And, very often, to the Islanders.
'Twas there, while under the *joy-giving* charms
Of oft repeated *bracers* to the *health*

Of their *good friend* the keeper, that they fought
And settled all their petty diff'rences.
'Twas there the sober and industrious,
Who were not few among the emigrants,
Passed many sorrowful and weary hours
Beseeching friends and kindred to go home
To their heart-broken wives and little ones.
'Twas plain to see that, under no restraint,
The strangers ne'er would prosper but sink down
Into a state far lower than the first;
For when, through the assistance of their friends,
They were all comfortably settled down
And left with ways and means which well employed
Would lead them on to fortune, they began
At once to enter on the downward way.

PART SIXTH.

A NEW SCENE AND AN APPEAL.

It was a merry Christmas Eve,
The second since the first ship came
And brought the load of emigrants
To fair Prince Edward Isle.
The ground was warmly clad in snow;
The moon and stars shone clear and bright
From out an azure, cloudless sky,
Shedding abroad a [illegible]

Nature seemed still and fast asleep,
Save the shy rabbit as he skipped
From bush to bush, cropping the buds
That grew within his reach;
And the lone owl who, from his perch

On some dilapidated tree,
Broke the deep silence of the night
By a long, piercing screech.

The lamp-lit stores of Charlottetown
Were crowded with the country-folk
From far and near, assembled there
To purchase the supplies
With which to celebrate the day
On which the blessed Lord was born,
And give their little ones at home
Their usual surprise.

As yet no emigrant had come
Within the borders of the town,
Except to purchase articles
Not found in Patrick's store;
For, at this time, the citizens
Transacted their own business,
And all performed their simple tasks,
Unaided, as before.

No wealthy firms had yet appeared,
As many did in after years,
To gather want and poverty
And nourish crime and pride.
Caste, luxury, and jealousy
Were things the Islanders contrived
To live and love without and keep
Far distant from their side.

A joyful band had left the town,
Consisting of a dozen sleighs
Loaded with Christmas offerings,

All on their homeward way.
They talked about what each would put
Into the stockings, which e'en now
Hung on the lines, for "Santa Claus
Might early come their way."

The way led on past wood and hill,
Straight through the Irish settlement
And by the very road at which
Was Patrick's domicile.
The nature of the *shanty* was
Now known to every Islander,
Although as yet they did not know
To what extent 'twas vile.

Did they but know the fearful sway
That this accursed rum-hole held
O'er the surrounding settlement,
Their joyousness would cease
On nearing such a wicked den
Which was so soon to give them pain
Such as they never felt before,
And rob them of their peace.

Did they but know the fearful power
That kept increasing, every day,
And robbing youth and innocence
Of every hope and joy,
That would have been a tearful group
Of tender-hearted Islanders,
And Christmas Eve with all its bliss
Would not their thoughts employ.

But soon, too soon they were to hear
Unholy sounds and see sad sights
Such as were strange and new to them,
But none the less severe;
For, even now, five rods away,
The drunken shouts and ribald songs
Were wafted far and loudly on
The air so calm and clear.

Patrick's foul shanty was ablaze
With antiquated tallow dips,
And through the windows could be seen
The reeling, surging band;
Some seated on the rough birch stools,
Having, from frequent tipplings,
Lost all their little sense and their
Ability to stand.

Others, not yet so far *advanced*,
Staggered about with oaths and jeers,
Inviting their companions up
To "Have another drink;"
While Patrick stood behind the bar
Serving his *thirsty* customers,
Keeping them *straight*, and greedily
Relieving them of "Chink."

Around the building stood the teams,
Some hitched to posts, others in charge
Of women sorrowful and cold
Or children thinly clad;
While on the road stood many more,

Blocking the way so none could pass,
And watched by more unfortunates ;
All waiting chilled and sad.

This was the unexpected scene
Which, on that long-remembered night,
Met the good people as they came
So joyfully along.
Well might they gaze with speechless dread.
Well might their tears in pity flow,
And well might sorrow for the weak
Arouse the brave and strong.

The waiting wives and children, now
Half perished and heart-broken, when
They saw the Islanders approach,
Knew that 'twas friends were there ;
For quickly all were gathered 'round
The group, no longer merry, thus
Beseeching them with many tears
And accents of despair :—

" O friends, dear friends, stay with us here
And do not go away
Or we will die with cold and fear
Before another day ;
Our sons and husbands went inside
And left us here to wait,
But freeze we must if we abide,
And it is getting late.

" We left the town at early eve,
And on arriving here
They said 'Let's have one drink and leave

Friend Pat a Christmas cheer';
And then we waited patiently
Until an hour passed;
But still they did not come, and we
Began to fear at last.

"We left the horses standing here,
Crept softly to the door,
Peeped in, and saw what made us fear
Far greater than before;
The room was full of drunken men
Who swore and reeled about,
Senseless, or caring nothing then
For us who stood without.

"We did not dare to enter there;
And what would be the use,
For we would have to hear and bear
The drinking and abuse.
We were afraid to leave the sleighs.
Or take them and go home,
For well we knew their wrath 'twould raise
Against us when they'd come.

"All we could do was wait again,
And O dear friends do try
And save us from those drunken men
Or we must surely die;
Our children are at home, alone,
Which gives us greater pain,
And they may perish whilst we're gone
From watching long in vain.

"O that we ne'er left Ireland,
  Where we at least could find
A law to check wrong-doers and
  Assistance of some kind:
For slavery is better far
  Than liberty abused,
And poverty superior
  To riches wrongly used!

"O, friends, that we could have the peace
  And love which you enjoy;
O that our people, too, would cease
  From habits which destroy
The peace and happiness which we
  Have come so far to find,
Hoping to leave our misery
  Forever, far behind.

"Yes, friends, you're right, 'tis that foul den
  Which keeps us here to-night;
Why did we bring rum with us, when
  We knew our peace 'twould blight!
You tell us that we need not fear?
  That you will help us through?
Thank God that He has sent you here;
  'Tis all that we can do."

PART SEVENTH.

INDEPENDENCE—THE FIRST BATTLE.

Down from their sleds the Island people sprang,
Moved deeply by this sorrowful appeal
From lips all cold and pale. The women took
The rugs and robes from off their well-filled sleds

And wrapped them 'round the tearful, shivering
Mothers and children, bidding them not weep
And cheering them with kind and loving words,
Assuring them that all would yet be well.
  An Islander had been despatched, in haste,
With all the smaller children, to relieve
The sorrowing and helpless ones at home,
Which eased the mothers' deep anxiety.
Yet still they wept; no longer tears of grief
For their loved ones or for their own sad lot,
But tears of joy for their deliverance
From fear and pain, and of deep gratitude
For the great kindness done them by their friends.
  Meanwhile the Islanders had quickly tied
Their horses to the fence, determined to
Go into Patrick's shanty and compel
The drunken wretches to quit drinking rum,
And Pat to cease his trade and close his bar.
Firmly and thoughtfully the men approached,
And the stern look upon their faces told
Quite plainly that they all were terribly
In earnest, and would leave nothing undone
To check the progress of the dreaded curse
And save the weak and aged from its power.
  They reached the door, and soon they were inside
Among the fierce intoxicated men,
And the vile smoke, and fumes of alcohol
The gang, completely taken by surprise,
Stopped short in their accursed revelry
And gazed a moment on the Islanders:
Then, quickly recognizing who they were
And somewhat sobered by the presence of
So large a crowd, immediately began

Thus to address them, asking them to drink
And hoping thereby their good will to gain :—

"We're glad to see you gentlemen, step right up to the bar—
Come Pat you rogue, be lively there and pass along the jar :
It is not often that we have our friends to join us here,—
Say gentlemen, what will you have—we've whiskey, rum and beer.
It's only once a year my boys that Christmas Eve comes 'round,
And when it does, you bet your life that we are always bound
To make the best of it, and have a jolly, good old spree,
And not be half dead and alive as some would have us be.
This is a jolly country, boys— it's just the spot to live,—
It beats old Ireland all blind,— here we have not to give
The most of our hard earnings to the landlord, for to spend
In luxuries and fineries, while we are forced to send
Our children to the work-house ; here we never have to pass
A comrade on the street, for want of stamps to *raise* a glass.
Or get *eight days* for taking just a little drop too much,—
No, we are far *above* that now, and never suffer such
Unjust Outrages, for we're neither under Lord nor Peer,
And none *dare* say, 'Quit selling, Pat,' or 'Mike get out of here.'
Yes boys, it is a *dandy* place, and soon we hope to see
All of our comrades over here,—*then* won't we have a *spree*:
We'll turn this shanty upside down and drain friend Patrick dry ;
And not a *cop* to bother us or *glasses on the sly*.
Our wives can't *sue* us either, boys, or *bind us to the peace*
Just for not taking their abuse, or letting them increase
The bread-bill at the grocery, for here *we* run the shop
And grow our own provisions, without fear of wife or cop.

But here's the whiskey, gentlemen,—boys pass the glasses down,—
Drink to the *health* of our good wives and jolly friends from town."

But by this time the "Jolly friends from town"
Had heard and seen enough to be convinced
That what the women told them was all true;
For the reality was worse by far
Than anything their minds had e'er conceived.
The time for action had at last arrived,
And for the men to falter now would mean
The near downfall of all their happiness.
They dashed the glasses from the trembling hands
Of all the topers, as they were about
To raise them to their lips, at the same time
Telling them they had come to take them home,
And would not harm them if they quietly
Would walk in peace with them to where their wives
And children had awaited them so long.
But many of the emigrants showed fight
And swore to "Lick the blasted Englishmen"
If they would not apologize and pay
The damage they had done to Patrick's "Stock."
The leader of the gang was Pat himself
Who had come quickly from behind the bar,
Purple with oft-repeated *treats*, and rage
At the destruction of his property.
The sturdy Islanders, however, soon
Had all the emigrants upon the floor
In spite of their resistence and bold threats.
A blow had not been struck, so suddenly
Had they been overpowered, even Pat

Had all the bravery "knocked out of him,"
And now implored the Islanders to spare
His life and also his small "stock in trade."
The scare, as well as the good shaking up
Which they received, had been the means, at least,
Of sobering them up and bringing them
To understand that they were not the sole
Lords of the island, with a right to treat
Their helpless wives and children cruelly.
Pat was released on promising to sell
No whiskey, but only the groceries
And other things which were necessities.

PART EIGHTH.

SATAN'S STRONGHOLD—NEW SCENES.

The honest Islanders but little knew,
In their credulity and truthfulness,
The small dependence that was to be placed
In men who served the father of all lies.
Little they knew how difficult it is
To banish Satan when he has a hold
Upon the lives and in the hearts of men.
Satan had come to stay, and had e'en now
Too firm a footing to be easily
Banished from where his fair deceitful ways
Were far too little known to be opposed.
The Devil is forever on the watch
And as a masquerader has no peer,
Having disguises ever near at hand,
And in such numbers and variety
That he can enter into any heart
And be an ever welcome visitor.

Yea, and so great is his subtility
And so untiring his constancy,
That duly he becomes the favoured one,
Claiming the heart and causing every guest
To be discarded; then, not yet content,
He leaves the victim to its misery,
Stripped of all friends and left alone to die.
  Satan's great stronghold is the mind of man,
And when he once has power over this
The heart and every sense is made to act
As prompted by the evil master's voice.
Now, while the mind is sound, conscience *must* work,
And, though the appetites strive hard and long,
The mind, the conscience holds them all in check,
And thus the body's powers are subdued:
But, when the conscience does no longer act
And all the mental powers are made weak,
Then all base passions burst forth uncontrolled;
Nor do they cease until the physical
Abilities have worn out all their strength,
Or 'till the spell has left the victim free.
  This Satan has a list of bodyguards
Known to us by the name of *stimulants*,
Which, used in moderation give false strength,
But only physically, while the mind
Is weakened, and in time becomes a prey
To every passion and vile appitite.
  The King of this black list is Alcohol
The great destroyer of men's consciences.
Conscience is that great power within, which prompts
Us all to do the right and fear the wrong.
'Tis that within us which so earnestly
Keeps whispering forever in our ears

That which is evil and that which is good.
'Tis that which thunders out the solemn fact,
So plainly that the lowest savage knows,
That there's a power mightier than he
Who rules the universe and knows his deeds.
'Tis that which tells us, and we all *must* hear
Whether we heed or not, that there is One
Holy and just, and who *must* justice show
To every soul which is responsible.
Can we, then, wonder that men, when deprived
Of that which makes a man, act like the brute?
Yea, worse than any brute, for there is none
But will protect that which it claims to love
And shun those things it knows will do it harm.
Or can we wonder that a man, disarmed
Of that with which we keep the enemy
At bay, should in that moment be o'ercome
And taken captive by the evil one?
Is it not reasonable that he *must*,
When robbed of feeling, act unfeelingly?
Is it surprising, when all tenderness,
Mercy and love have been rudely cast out,
That he should act with fierceness, stuborness
And hatred to'ard his family and friends,
And lose self-preservation and respect?
Ah! no; we would as soon expect to see
Nature reversed, and from like causes have
Unlike results, which is impossible.
The Islanders, upon releasing Pat,
Accompanied all the remaining men
To where the women were awaiting them.
The emigrants seemed by this time to be
Quite capable of driving their own teams

To their own homes, not very far away;
But their kind friends, fearing to leave them yet
And at the warm entreaties of the wives
Who knew their husbands better far than they,
Went with them to their homes, unyoked and fed
The horses, now so hungry and fatigued,
And saw them all safely within their doors.
  But there sad sights and sounds awaited them
More terrible by far than they had seen
Or heard while in or near the "Grocery."
In the long absence of the emigrants
The fires had gone out; and helpless babes,
Left in the charge of children far too small
To care for them, were lying cold and stiff,
In almost clotheless cots and on the floor.
Some had already perished, others were
Fast yielding to the winter's bitter cold;
While more, not quite so helpless, stood around
The stove which, long ere this, ceased giving warmth,
Some wrapped in clothing taken from the beds,
All shivering and sobbing bitterly.
In other houses, where the children were
Older and abler to provide against
The cold and keep the helpless warm, nothing
So fearful, happily, had taken place.
  Such was the state of things the man had found
Who had arrived just half an hour before
The Islanders and emigrants had come;
And in that time he had been all around
Doing his utmost to relieve the sad.
  All set to work; fires were to be built
And wood procured to keep them till next day.
The women laboured long and tearfully,

Restoring the half-perished little ones
And comforting the sorrow of the poor,
Heartbroken mothers mourning at the sight
Of their dead babes and the great suffering
Of those their dear ones who were still alive.
After the children had been fully warmed,
The women hurried to prepare a meal,
For all were hungry from the lengthened fast;
But in some cupboards there could not be found
Enough of any food to serve a meal.
The Islanders, however, soon supplied
This need by quickly bringing from their sleds
Sufficient of their Christmas day supplies
To satisfy those who were destitute.
'Twas now near midnight, and the Islanders
With heavy hearts went to their homes, where all
Were wondering and waiting patiently.

PART NINTH.

PROGRESS—A TRANSFORMATION.

Ten years had passed away since the first ship
Brought to Prince Edward Island's peaceful shores
The friendless band of Irish emigrants.
During that period, adventurers,
Bold fortune seekers, and large companies
Of farmers, from the densely peopled isles
Of Ireland and Britain, came to till
The fruitful soil and breathe the bracing air
Of this fair land. Great changes everywhere
Had taken place, and one who had been gone
During that busy period would scarce
Have recognized the noisy, bustling place

As that which he had left, ten years before,
In quietude and peaceful industry.
The city had increased to twice its size.
Large blocks had been erected where the trees
And fields of grain had flourished formerly,
And business establishments had grown
To meet the husbandman's increased demands.
Wharves had been built by enterprising men,
Where vessels filled the docks and carried on
A lively trade with home and foreign ports.
In short, the city and surroundings had
Grown to the likeness and the character
Of other busy, thriving, seaport towns.
Some public institutions had been built,
Among which were a courthouse and a jail,
Both being ere this time necessities;
For now the people could not, as of old,
Live safely without justice and stern law,
Because rum-power, swindlers and thieves
Had hither come, thinking to thrive secure
Among a class who, for the greater part,
Were strangers to their fraud and villainies.
Among the several thriving industries
Which had of late sprang up within the town,
The liquor traffic quickly took the lead;
And at its head was Patrick Dunahoe,
The Irishman who kept the "Grocery"
That caused such misery eight years before.
'Twas but a short time after the event
Which happened on that woeful Christmas Eve
That a large ship arrived from Ireland
With full two hundred emigrants on board,
The most of whom were Irish settlers,

And a supply of *groceries* for Pat.
Up to that time the emigrants kept *straight*,
No doubt remembering the shaking up
They had received and fearing it might be
Administered more sternly than before,
On any violation of their pledge ;
But, being reinforced, they speedily
Returned to their old habits, for the night
On which the vessel brought their friends, they had,
As they had prophesied, a " Jolly spree."
Nor was this all, for the new emigrants
Started a rum-shop on their own account,
Much to "Friend Pat's" dissatisfaction, for
It spoiled his custom to no small extent.
The Islanders had now all they could do
To keep the evil from their settlements
And from the reach of their beloved ones.
From time to time fresh emigrants arrived,
Many of whom remained within the town.
'Twas then that Patrick left the settlement
And in the city opened up a bar,
On a large scale, from his ill-gotten gain.
Pat's " High-toned " bar was now the rendezvous
Of sailors, fishermen, and all in town
Who drank, and by this time they were not few ;
For drunkenness had now begun to spread
Among the Islanders, especially those
Of them who started business in town.
Pat gathered money fast and soon was rich,
At least so thought his chums and customers.
He was the sole importer, and supplied
The smaller taverns which, from time to time,
Appeared in various localities.

Now it was no uncommon sight to see
A corner brawl or an arrest for *drunk.*
Three staunch policemen had been on the *force*
Since the town station had been built, and these
Were the first officers who walked the streets;
And when they did 'twas generally close by
Pat's tavern, where they had the greatest *call.*
As rum-shops spread and population rose,
Thefts, drunks, and crimes of every kind increased.
A newspaper had been established which
Recorded all events of interest,
Especially the doings of the Court;
And, day by day, its crowded pages showed
An increase in all business and vice.

PART TENTH.

IRISH WRONGS AND THEIR REMEDY.

Scenes which must give us pain, however true,
Are always far from pleasant to relate;
And, though they may not fail to interest
The patient reader, they can never give
That dreamy pleasure we so much enjoy.
Then why repeat the list of evil deeds
And suffering of thousands which was caused
By the great influence of alcohol.
It would but be describing many scenes
Such as the first which cursed this fruitful land.
From that sad night until the present time
The cries of wretched thousands have been heard
Calling for justice and the banishment
Of the destroyer of their happiness;
But rum's great influence in politics,

And the indifference of many who
Are not directly burdened by the curse
Have, thus far, been the means of making all
Attempts at its extinction sadly fail.
At present in the island's capital,
There are no less than twenty liquor dens,
And, strange indeed, *all*, with exceptions few,
Are still kept open and conducted by
The much abused sons of Ireland.
Nor is this true of our land alone,
For in the cities of America
This fearful truth is plainly verified :—
Ireland's greatest curse is Alcohol.
Can we then wonder that a people so
Attached to such a cruel monster should
Be held in bondage and, like sparrows bound
By the tough creepers among which they play,
Call to their free mates, wholly unaware
That 'tis the net they entered of themselves
Which stands between them and their liberty ?
No, we cannot, and we do verily
Believe that, if that people did but slay
This terrible and cruel enemy
And drive it from their hearths and homes away,
A race more noble and brave hearts more free
Would not exist in this wide world to-day.

'Tis not the landlord who, alone,
Makes countless Irish tenants poor ;
'Tis not injustice from the throne
That brings destruction to his door
And fills his home with misery,
Marring the peace he might enjoy ;

'Tis *rum* that brings him poverty
And bars him out from every joy.

'Tis not the vast amount he *gives*
Which blights his life and always breaks
The bonds of duty while he lives;
No, 'tis not that, it's what he *takes*
That causes him to be abused
And exiled from his native land;
It is the *rum* that he has used
Which makes him scorned on every hand.

'Tis not when sober and employed
That he commits those deeds of shame
Which have so many lives destroyed
And cast a stain upon his name;
No, 'tis not then that he is vile,
And brings a curse on all his kind;
But it's when *rum*, which *must* defile,
Has gained possession of his mind.

You ask for proof? 'Tis quickly found;
O, would to God it could not be;
Enter his dwelling, gaze around
On all the want and misery,
Ask his poor broken-hearted wife
Why she and all her children mourn
In helpless poverty and strife,
Cursing the day that they were born

Enter the filthy rumshop when
The labor of the day is past;
Gaze on the vicious, reeling men

Whose reason is departing fast ;
Think what companions *there* you see
For those who pine for love's caress ;
Think what supporters *they* must be
Of needy ones and helplessness.

Go to the almshouse, ask the young
Why they are orphans, ask the gray
Why, in their age, they have not clung
To those they helped in infancy ;
Go to the prisons, trace each crime
Back to the source from whence it came :
You ask for proof ? God speed the time
When proof there shall not be to name.

O ye who would exchange for slavery
The freedom given by a loving Hand,—
Ye who would barter peace and purity,
And everything your consciences demand
For that which fills the earth with blood and strife
And spreads o'er all mankind a mantle drear,
Beware ! for there shall come a time when life
Will be *so* sweet, and fearful death *so* near.

O ye who trifle with the souls of men
And deal death and destruction far and wide,—
Ye who, like savage robbers from their den,
Plunder the weak to swell your vicious pride,
And scatter want and crime o'er all the land,
Heedless of widow's moan or orphan's cry,
Beware ! lest mercy should withdraw her hand
And justice call you unexpectedly.

O ye who have not yet become a prey
To Alcohol, but still defy his power,—
Ye who have yet the means to drive away
This monster from our land, as doth the shower
Dispel the deadly poison from the air,
And thus your duty do to God and man,
Beware! lest your neglect may prove your snare
And show at last that Satan has outran.

THE HELPING HAND.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

A laborer returning from his work one night
To his children and wife with his weekly pay,
Chancing to look, saw a flickering light
Through a broken window across the way;
And listening he heard a foul curse and threat,
Which drew him across to the other side,
Thinking that he, perchance, might get
A clue to the cause by peeping inside.

'Twas a window covered with paint, to keep
All passers from seeing into the room.
The hour was late, all the neighbors asleep,
And the village, save here, was wrapped in gloom,
Through the broken pane, by a tallow dip,
He saw a man, with a glass in his hand,
In front of a bar, just going to sip
The accursed cup;—he could scarcely stand.

Behind the bar stood a burly rough,
With a bloated face and a wicked leer,

Who, in a tone less loud than gruff,
  With a threat told the man to "Get out of here!"
And with this he came from his filthy place
  And threw the drunkard out in the street
With a cruel blow, slammed the door in his face
    And withdrew, with a curse, to his base retreat.

The stranger, who witnessed this cruel deed,
  Raised the unfortunate wretch from the ground;
He was nearly senseless, as pale as a sheet,
  And unable, when asked, to utter a sound
Save a painful groan; down his face there ran
  A purple stream from a ghastly wound,
Which the kindly stranger to dress began
  By tying his handkerchief tightly around.

From a pump at hand he secured a supply
  Of pure, cold water which had the effect
Of restoring the drunkard who, with a deep sigh,
  Thanked his friend, and asked if he'd kindly direct
Him along the walk to the foot of the way
  Where his dwelling was, which he promised to do,
Receiving this answer, "My good friend, some day
  This kindness ten-fold will return unto you."

They had scarcely started on their homeward way
  When they met a woman with a babe at her breast
She was crying with grief, and turned away
  When she saw the stranger; she was thinly dressed
But he kindly assured her she need not fear;
  And then to the other she tearfully said:
"Oh, Henry, what keeps you so late out here,
  When the children are cold, and we have no bread?

"You said," she continued, "when you left us to-day,
That you'd come straight home, and not go there;
And we have been waiting so patiently,
Believing that God had answered our prayer;
Oh, Henry, why do you deceive us so?
And you used to be so honest and true;
It must surely be that dark place where you go
That has brought us to this and has changed you too.

"Yes, Mary," he answered, "you are always right—
'Tis that cursed place,—Oh, why can't I pass?—
Oh, would to God on that fearful night
I had not drunk the accursed glass!
But he seemed so kind, and I was so cold
After fighting the storm without coat or vest—
I could not wear them, for he was old,
And the glass was so kindly and urgently pressed!

"And he begged me so hard for to call again,
That—what could I do?—I could not refuse;
That night I was with him only till ten;
We had a few glasses, and Mike the news.
'Tis little I thought it would come to this—
He had gone to his home when I called to-night;
I can't tell what happened—there was something amiss—
Till my good friend saved me—he saw the whole sight."

By this time they reached the drunkard's home;
Some little ones on the threshold stood,
Crying and cold. Oh! the curse of rum,
That blights the innocent, crushes the good,
And happy childhood rudely blasts.
The father's eyes are filled with tears,

As a look on the suffering group he casts,
  So pale and thin in their tender years.

They enter the dwelling so cold and bare,
  And even the children are silent now;
The stranger drops into a vacant chair
  With a look of pain on his manly brow.
He sees about him on every hand
  Undoubted proofs of happier days;
The wife and husband silently stand
  While the friend, with a tear of emotion, says:

"Good friend, think no more of the bitter past,
  I see in your face the marks of a man;
Take courage, and now and forever cast
  The curse far from you; repentance began,
And with such experience at your time of life
  You still have great blessings and comfort in store:
See around you in health your good family and wife;
  You have room to be thankful your life is not o'er.

"Thank God that He has in His infinite love
  Spared your life, strength and love through all that is past:
And ask Him—He'll aid you with strength from above
  To scorn the vile tempter and ever hold fast:
Be a man by refusing to be any less,—
  I'll stand by to aid you, and here is my hand;
Such a nature was ne'er made to curse but to bless;
  You never will fall if determined to stand.

"I live but a little across the way;
  I'm a hard-working man, like yourself I presume:
Come you with your children and wife and stay;

We'll have cheer that will beat any filthy bar-room.
I'll let you a tenement next to mine,
The Devil and all his vile host we'll defy ;
And if that foul place will remain any time,
Then the fountain of justice has surely ran dry."

"Good friend," the poor penitent now replied
When the stranger paused, "you have cheered my heart;
I feel like a man again, and beside,
There's my hand that I'm with you to do my part
In destroying the dens of Satan and sin
That in a short year have brought me so low ;
Cheer up, wife and children, we'll newly begin,
And to-night to the home of our friend we will go.

"This house which you see is my own," he went on ;
"I've neither taxes nor rent to pay ;
My good father left it me,—now he is gone,
And my mother,—how oft for her son she did pray :
Nor shall you pay anything either, friend,
For in it there's room for us all and to spare ;
We'll help each other and willingly lend
A hand to the needy and cheer to despair."

Said the other, "your offer I'll gladly embrace,
And shoulder to shoulder the battle we'll fight ;
The cup we will banish far from this place,
And stand up forever for God and the right."
And thus they have fought, and thus they have stood,
A blessing to sorrow and want till this day,
Evil's strong enemy, powers for good,
Leading many aright who have wandered away.

And now, kind reader, what can *you* do
In the way of lending a helping hand?
Can you feel that you are to your conscience true
If you calmly look on and silently stand,
While a stream of misery surges past
Your door, and you take not a truant in?
For you *have* the means, oh! don't hold them fast
When you might prevent a mountain of sin.

Look around! is there not a soul to save
Deep-rooted in snares of vice and crime?
Is there none going down to the drunkard's grave
Whom your influence might reclaim in time?
Is there none to whom you can kindly speak?
Is there one needs a friendly grasp of the hand?
You know your heart says you need not seek,
For thousands are scattered over our land.

And that fatal *first glass*,—oh! young man beware,
Think how many it blasts in their youth and prime;
Oh! shun it, for it is the Devil's best snare:
It seems but a trifle; but surely in time
It will grow to a giant of evil in size,
And make you its servant, aye worse, its slave.
Than oh! while you may, think twice and be wise,
Rememb'ring success ever blesses the brave.

MY PRAYER.

Lord teach me in my youth
To early look to Thee,
Thou art the Light, the Way, the Truth,
Through all eternity.

Through this dark vale of tears
  Be Thou my hope and stay,
Remove the many doubts and fears
  I meet along the way.

In death's dark, solemn hour
  Be Thou my Saviour nigh,
Keep me and lead me by Thy power
  Up to Thy throne on high.

There 'mid the happy throng
  May I forever rest,
Singing the everlasting song
  The anthems of the blest.

LINES TO P———.

Dear one, though many weary miles
  Of friendless waste and heaving sea
Have intervened since last your smiles
  Made glad the heart that pines for thee;
Still mem'ry, ever-present boon,
  Wafts back thine image just as fair
To ease the smart that, oh! so soon,
  Has left its victim to despair.

Oh! could we learn to cherish more
  The love we scorn because so near;
Could we but feel the pangs before
  We cast aside the prize so dear,
The absent joys for which we yearn
  Would shed a warmer, purer light,
And chill remorse would never turn
  Our brightest day to darkest night.

And yet, methinks, 'tis good to learn
  The lesson of humility
That teaches us to never spurn
  The heart that loveth constantly.
Perchance a wiser Hand than ours,
  Who knoweth best, in love would send
Some purging thorns to make the flowers
  Bloom all the fairer in the end.

Dear heart, the tender cords that bind
  Our love and sympathies so fast
Must ever fondly bring to mind
  The vows that evermore shall last;
And though the parting giveth pain,
  The meeting amply will repay,
When these dark hours shall break again
  Into a gladder, brighter day.

EFFORT.

We love to linger where the rays
  Of Peace's sun most brightly shine;
We fain would loiter in the ways
  Of happiness, and ne'er repine.
Who does not hope for brighter days,
  Or for a truer friendship pine?

And yet how oft we help to make
  The clouds that shut the sunlight out;
Upon the thorny road we take
  How of we cast the seeds about;
How oft we wantonly forsake
  The friends we least can do without.

How strange we strive not earnestly
  For what we earnestly desire;
Strange that we turn about and flee
  The countenance we most admire;
And hasten downwards when we see
  The heights to which we would aspire.

Vain are the brightest hopes that rise
  Unarmed of energy to do;
Unless the friendships that disguise
  The tender heart and purpose true;
Lost the most worthy enterprise
  Without the will to bear it through.

Nothing but weeds can live and thrive
  Uncared for by the willing hand;
Empty must be the fairest hive
  If naught but idle drones command;
Paltry the gain unless we strive;
  Failures and Fears go hand in hand.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father who in Heaven art,
  We hallow Thy great name:
Thy kingdom come, Thy grace impart
  To every mortal frame.

Thy will be done on earth, O Lord,
  As it is done in heaven;
Give us Thy Spirit; and Thy Word,
  O! may we take as given.

Give us this day our daily bread
  And all our sins forgive:
'Tis through Thy bounty we are fed,
  And by Thy grace we live.

Teach us to pardon every foe
  As we would pardoned be:
Lead us where Thou wouldst have us go:
  From evil set us free.

For all the kingdom, Lord, is Thine,
  In Heaven or 'mong men,
And power, and glory while doth shine
  Sun, moon, and stars. Amen.

FRIENDS.

In careless childhood's joyous day,
  'Twas sweet to have a friend
To join us in the harmless play,
  And ever gladly lend
A hand to aid in every fray;
  His joy with ours to blend.

In youth, that season when the mind
  Is moulded to the form
It ne'er can change, how good to find
  A constant heart and warm
By which our thoughts may be refined,—
  A port in every storm.

In manhood—when the storms of life
  Beat down most heavily,

And when, amid unequal strife,
  We far away would flee;
When clouds with aspect dark are rife,—
  Oh! what a friend can be.

In age, when strength and energy
  Are swift on the decline,
'Tis sweet to share the company
  Of friends, ere we resign,—
To feel them at our side, as we
  Descend the steep incline.

In death, that lonely, solemn hour,—
  Who does not need that Friend
Whose arm alone can overpower
  The darkness of that end?
Who does not need that Light and Power
  To guide and to defend?

And throughout all the stages here,
  From childhood to the grave,
He of all friends is the most dear,
  He best of all can save
In ev'ry danger, and all fear
  He, best, can help us brave.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF JACOB DOCKENDORFF, ESQ., AGED 87 YEARS.

We mourn when those we love depart,
  And on the kindred clay
The tears of sorrow ease the smart

As they are borne away;
And were there only tears to soothe
Oft hard would be our fate,
But blest the comfort that can smoothe
The paths through man's estate.

'Tis hard to see the young and fair
Torn from the parent's breast,
Or the support of age's care
Called to their last, long rest;
'Tis then we feel the need of more
Than tears to fill the place
Of those we mourn; nor can the sore
Be healed by time or space.

We thank the Giver of our all
That he we mourn to-day
Has left no cares like these to fall
On those who still must stay.
He died not as the youthful die,
In strength of mind and frame;
He left no needy ones to cry,
But died,—just as he came.

No weeping wife or mother stood
Beside the loved one's bier;
No father or sad brotherhood
Remains to mourn him here;
Not that his grave is far away
From kin and native land;
No, he has seen them all to clay
Returned by death's cold hand.

Far, far beyond the little day
  Assigned to mortal man
He lived, and all through life's hard way
  The path he nobly ran ;
His life was one that leaves behind
  Fond mem'ries, not distain ;
'Tis an example all will find
  Free from remorse and stain.

If kindness and integrity
  Secure eternal bliss,
And cheerful liberality
  A state more blest than this ;
Then happy is the one whose life
  Of toil and pain is o'er,
And blessed all who leave this strife
  With hopes as bright before.

OPENING HYMN.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you.—St. John 16; 23.

Lord, on Thy own appointed day,
And in Thine own appointed way
We fain would come in humbleness,
Still trusting to Thy graciousness.

Oh ! wilt Thou then incline Thine ear,
And make us feel Thy presence near ;
Warm our cold hearts, and when we pray
Oh ! teach us what we ought to say.

Oh! for the sake of Thy dear Son,
Our dear Redeemer,—Blessed One!—
Bless us and teach us faith and love;
Help us to seek those things above.

Remove our doubts, and make us see
Our great indebtedness to Thee;
'Tis through Thy grace alone we live,
Which only Thou hast power to give.

Grant us Thine Holy Spirit, Lord;
Help us to understand Thy Word;
Guide us through life in Thine own way;
Save us in realms of endless day.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Gone but not dead; removed from sight
But happier by far
Than had it lived to face the fight
With many a doubt and scar.

Gone but not lost; removed to where
All wanderings are unknown—
Where parting pangs, discord and care
Shall ne'er call forth a moan.

Gone, never to return; but oh!
What comfort doth it bring,—
Gone where each one can surely go:
Sweet balm for every sting.

Gone where no mother's voice will quell
  Each little childish wail,
For there no fears nor ills can dwell
  To mar the peaceful vale.

Gone from a loving father's eyes,
  But better far to be
With Him who called it to the skies
  And immortality.

Gone; but why should we mourn a loss
  Wherein is so much gain?
'Tis better thus to shun the cross
  With all its toil and pain.

Gone; but why grieve to see it go
  Where all do hope to rest;
Would we prefer this life of woe
  To Jesus' loving breast?

Gone without any sad regret
  Or melancholy doubt,
Its little sun has calmly set,
  Its feeble flame gone out.

Gone in its childish purity,
  A lamb without a stain,
A blossom plucked from off the tree
  Ere beaten by the rain.

Gone but to join a purer throng
  And share a Saviour's love:
Then let us thank Him who, ere long,
  Shall join us all above.

MEMORIES.

Fond memories of childhood years,—
  How beautiful and bright
Amid the frowns of life appears
  Their warm, consoling light;
Chasing away the lines of care
And shedding gladness everywhere.

The playground just behind the hill,
  The beech grove in the rear
Are pictured on my mind, and still
  Not anything so dear
Or half so fair, it seems to me,
Exists in any scenery.

Each ant-hill with its busy throng,
  Each nest so snug and fair,
And all the varied, joyful song
  The mothers warbled there;
Each hill and nest I well can place;
And song; what songs have half the grace?

The play-house, fashioned by my hand
  Assisted by my brother,
With mats and curtains sister planned
  Unaided by our mother.
Mansions with stores of wealth abound
But where can one so rich be found?

The brook, a little runaway,
  Went babbling near by,
And oft I sighed as, day by day,
  I thought it would run dry;

Yet after all my wanderings here
No other stream seems half so clear.

The sun by day, the stars by night;
How oft my wandering gaze
Was fixed upon those orbs of light
Till lost amid the maze.
The same bright wand'rers shine to-day
But, to my mind, not half so gay.

And every other scene so dear
Stands out in bright array,
Mirrored in mem'ries glass as clear
As if it were to-day,
Only more lovely, for the tear
Was sooner made to disappear.

Fond mem'ries, ever be our stay
In solitude's lone hours;
In sorrow cheer the mourner's way
With glad, refreshing showers;
Leading us far from present fears
Back to the joys of childhood years.

NEW YEAR AT SCHOOL.

A happy new year has begun
With tokens bright and fair;
The old year through its course has run,
And with it many hearts have gone
Beyond our reach and care.

New resolutions have been passed;
We hope that life will stand

The wear and tear of life, and last
Long after this new year has passed,
  To strengthen heart and hand.

Back to his books, with frame and mind
  Recruited, has returned
The merry student, glad to find
His heart to industry inclined,
  After a rest well earned.

The old walls ring with mirth again;
  And greetings warm and kind
From friends and teachers cure the pain
Of parting from the loved we fain
  Would never leave behind.

But settled down to work once more
  We quickly cease to fear,
Knowing the future has in store
Days brighter still than those of yore
  If we but persevere.

With duty done and conscience clear
  Our lives will blessings prove,
And we can make each glad new year
The better for our being here,
  By fellowship and love.

THE HAND OF GOD.

Ye who so long and fondly gaze
  Upon the picture, passing fair,
That time and patience have produced
  And set in all its beauty there,

Go study the original,
Each line and feature well compare;
Why doth it cause your art to fade?
Because the Hand of God is there.

Ye who in wonder long admire
Some garden, rich in captive flowers,
'Mid pleasing walks and sparkling founts,
Which shed around their copious showers,
Go tread fair Nature's wilderness,
Gaze on her beauteous, free-born care;
Why doth her grandeur so excel?
Because the Hand of God is there.

Ye who with admiration solve
The problems of machinery,
And see the vicious elements
Slaves of man's ingenuity,
Go watch the ocean in the storm,
The vast volcano's fearful glare;
Why fills the soul with speechless awe?
Because the Hand of God is there.

Ye who with pride would meditate
On each frail human's poor design,
And think your calculations true,
Your feeble art almost divine,
Give heed to the vast universe,
Man's little world with it compare;
Why sinks his power to nothingness?
Because the Hand of God is there.

That Hand—Oh! where can mortal turn,
And look unconscious of its might?

Will man allow his puny works
  To veil its power from his sight?
Yes, still he grovels in the dust,
  Wrapped in himself. Oh! have a care
And learn in time this solemn truth:—
  The Hand of God is everywhere.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

We love Him because He first loved us.—1 St. John, iv: 19.

Did Jesus die for such as I?
  Did He endure the shameful tree?
And did He in the cold tomb lie
  For guilty sinners such as we?

Ah, yes he all our sorrows bore
  Because He loved us tenderly;
A painful death He did ignore,
  To set us sinful mortals free.

He rose again and went before
  To fit a glorious Home for thee;
And wondrous things He has in store,
  For those who serve Him faithfully.

Then let us love, serve and adore
  Our Great High Priest, where'er we be,
And spread His name from shore to shore
  In faith, truth and sincerity.

Defend His cause, implore His aid
  In meekness and simplicity,
And joys that never never fade
  Are ours throughout eternity.

PURPOSE.

As the current of life bears us swiftly along
To the sea of eternity,
Our fate will be sad if we fail to be strong,
And our downfall a certainty
If we cease to keep watch with a vigilant eye
For the breakers on every hand;
We can never depend on a chance being nigh
To carry us safe to land.

Let us not, like the bubble, float aimlessly past
With fortune our only guide,
For like it we'll surely be shattered at last—
A wreck on an ocean wide;
It will lead to misfortune, although for a while
No obstacle may appear;
But remember that often the sunniest smile
Precedes the bitterest tear.

'Tis a path o'er which none a free pass can obtain;
We must work our way earnestly
Or be thrust by the throng from the way in disdain
To a pathway of misery;
For when once we're side-tracked 'tis a difficult thing
To reach the main line again,
And time lost is lost for ever, so sing
The wise from all ranks of men.

If we wish to run well we must first have in mind
An object worthy and true,
And never was any found lagging behind
Who had such a purpose in view;
It is easy to follow the wish of the heart—

We oft do so unconsciously;
Though the needle be forced from the north to depart
It will quickly return when free.

Then let us not drift on the ocean of life
But steer a course wisely and well,
Ever ready to rescue a soul which the strife
Has left rudderless where it fell;
Thus, stooping to set a poor wanderer right
Will hearten us as we go,
And the haven we'll enter; so ending the fight
In the face of the darkest foe.

OUR EVER PRESENT FRIEND.

When wand'ring afar from our kindred and friends
And vainly we seek for a face that we know,
What comfort to feel there is One condescends
To cheer us and guide us wherever we go.
Then let us remember our dear Friend and Brother
Who ever is ready to come to our side,
And let us not slight Him for sire or mother,
Or fail in our praises where'er we abide.

When we think of the dear ones who in love and truth
Have labored and watched o'er the infantile head,
And guided our footsteps in childhood and youth,
We sigh for the joys which so quickly have fled:
But remember that He who has wisely bereft us
Is able to comfort and amply repay,
And in His great Book He has graciously left us
Sweet comforts to cheer us along on our way.

How often when sickness and trials surround
We sigh for the health which we ne'er learned to prize;
'Tis then that the love we despised will abound
To cheer us and wipe every tear from our eyes:
Then let us, when blessed with his goodness and treasure,
Remember His love ere our trials begin;
And thus we will kindly submit to His pleasure,
For the cross we must bear if the crown we would win.

How oft when temptations and sorrows assail
We bow 'neath the weight and are quickly brought low,
Because we have trusted our own strength so frail
And looked not to Him who can crush every foe:
Then, let us remember, our Helper is ready
To give us the victory over the strong;
And when the vile Tempter comes let us be steady
And He will defend us and crown us ere long.

Thus oft should our voices be raised to His throne
For mercy and aid, as we journey along;
And thus we will never be sad or alone,
For praise to our Helper will be our glad song:
Then let us remember on every occasion
To lean on the strong Arm stretched forth to sustain,
And spread the glad tidings to every nation
Of Him who rewards, and the Lamb who was slain.

FRIENDSHIP AND TURKEY.

Thanksgiving is over, and most of the boys—
Have ceased for the present their feasting and noise—
Look cheerful, and all have their lessons begun,
Refreshed and encouraged by Turkey and fun.

Not so with them all, for that happy brigade
Which rooms o'er the Chapel is on the parade;
From one room to another they each pay a visit,
Until I get curious and ask them "What is it?"
But almost as soon as I utter the question
I hear, with no little surprise, this suggestion:
"Let's make out a paper and get all to sign
For the turkey." And then I hear "Won't that be fine."
I went to my room when the mystery was solved;
Thought over the matter and firmly resolved
To give what assistance I could in the matter,
Of course knowing well I should help clean the platter.
But my musings were suddenly brought to an end
By a knock on my door, it was that of a friend
With a paper and pencil in hand which he placed
Before me, and then he said, "Read it it in haste."
I read it as fast as my scant education
Could grasp its deep meaning, 'twas like an oration
From Webster or Cicero, only much better;
It ran something *like* this, if *not* letter for letter:—
"We members of the W. A., who reside
Up over the Chapel, think best to decide
On having an evening for frolic and fun,
For the purpose of ending a term well begun;
For the purpose of meeting in friendship together,
That we may stick closer in all sorts of weather.
Likewise for the general amelioration
Of our happiness during the coming vacation,—
And so forth and so on; and likewise to strengthen
Our mutual relations, and likewise to lengthen
And bring in oporation our digestive parts
By feasting on turkey and pudding and tarts.
That is if those persons who have us in hand

To develop our mental abilities and
Look out for our general welfare should see
That it is an excellent thing, and agree.
We also believing (it went on to say)
That consummate happiness never will stay
Except when the inner man ceases to long
For anything good, from ice-cream to a song,
Agree to contribute of our scant worth
A sum for those things which we need to make mirth,
Such as turkey and fixings, said sum not exceeding
Three nickels apiece." And thus ended the reading.
This eloquent plea well nigh opened my heart,
And I vowed when the time came to do my full part.
We must strive to do cheerfully all that we do,
If we hope to be better off when we get through.
And now my best wishes I warmly bestow;
May the turkey digest and the fixings ditto.

* * * * *

A day has gone by since the paper went round,
The scene is all changed, not so much as a sound
Is heard about turkey or feasting to-day,
For the scheme has collapsed in the very worst way.
No longer the boys stand in groups in the hall
To discuss in low voices the plans which we all
Had so earnestly hoped would be soon carried out,
And which we now see we must all do without.
It happened like this:—We must have school next Monday
If we would be home for the following Sunday;
And in order that we may our lessons prepare
We must study to-night and give up the affair.
I can't but admit we were somewhat surprised,
Though we felt that a Sunday at home would be prized
Much more than a turkey or frolic up here,
So we studied full well, knowing Christmas was near.

ST. VALENTINE'S.

Valentine's day—"And why keep it so?"
We hear people ask wherever we go,
As the season approaches in which we expect
At least one reminder of some sad defect.

A long time ago—about three hundred years—
In our forefathers' time—this custom appears
To have risen. 'Twas kept on St. Valentine's day,
In honor of that worthy saint, so they say.

In the good olden time, when the day had come round,
All the maidens and youths of the village were found
Assembled to know whom their mates were to be
Until the next Valentine's day set them free.

Their method was simple: a hat was passed round
To each of the happy groups, in which was found
On small slips of paper, their names. Then each drew
With trembling fingers, and vows to be true.

When each had a name not his or her own,
The lass or lad named on the paper was shown
To the person thus pledged to be true for a year—
The one to be held of all others most dear.

And thus you can see that each maiden and youth
Had a choice of two loves which the young men, forsooth,
Very gallantly left for the girls to assign,
And the one they preferred was their true valentine.

How great the abuse of this custom so old
And honored, in these latter days; and when told
Of the pleasure it gave our ancestors, we fain
Would call St. V. down to revive it again.

THE STREET-CAR HORSE.

Hear the sharp and noisy clatter
  Of the street-car horses' feet,
As along they swiftly patter
  Through the busy crowded street;
How they buckle to their work
Which they never try to shirk.

See how cunningly they listen
  For the ringing of the bell;
And their bright eyes, how they glisten
  When they hear each sounding knell:
See how quick they stop and start,
Never loth to do their part.

Mark how well they pull together,
  Each one fairly draws his share,
Both unmindful of the weather
  Or the load they have to bear:
Be it stormy, cold or clear,
Not a murmur do we hear.

What a lesson they can teach us
  Of our duty every hour;
And how plainly they beseech us
  Not to use our greater power;

Let us then take pattern by
Our dumb friends, and always try.

Ever let us treat them kindly
When they serve so faithfully,
Never in a passion, blindly
Strike or drive them cruelly;
Diligence and faithfulness
Merit love and thankfulness.

THE PARTING.

Oh! I never shall forget the parting hours
When I left my happy home to cross the sea;
As I sat beneath the cool and leafy bowers
In the orchard, underneath the old elm tree.

I shall ne'er forget the loved ones gathered 'round me
In their sorrow at the thought that we must part;
Or the pledge by which my kind, dear mother bound me
As she fondly pressed me to her aching heart.

She said to me, "My son, when you would wander
From out the narrow path our Saviour trod,
Stop short and in deep meditation ponder
Ere you would take the road that leads from God.

Ask him for strength to conquer the temptation;
Be honest and straightforward, just and true;
Stand up for right whatever be your station
And ne'er forget our parting interview."

With tearful eyes I vowed I would remember,
And then the pain of parting seemed to fly;

'Twas like the chilling blast of cold December
Transformed into the sunlight of July.

Oh! how often has her loving counsel cheered me
Amid the sorrows and the cares of life,
And by the help of Him who ne'er forsook me
How often have I conquered in the strife.

I never shall forget my father's blessing
Or the look of sorrow on my brother's brow,
Or my darling sister's kind but sad caressing—
Methinks I see their loving faces now.

Yet, after all those years of toil and sadness,
I think with pleasure as the time draws nigh,
When I shall soar away with joy and gladness
To meet them in our home beyond the sky.

LOVE VERSUS STUDY.

Down by a stream where lilies grow
And birds carol their sweetest song,
A pensive lad was wont to go
And wander all the evening long.

A student diligent was he
Until a few short days ago;
First in his class, beloved and free,
He won fast friends and knew no foe.

How great the change, behold him now
Beating a path among the flowers,
With downcast eyes and saddened brow,
Eve after eve for weary hours.

His feathered friends amid the trees
Sing merrily their evening praise
As if to cheer him; but he sees
And hears no music in their lays.

How came he thus to be estranged
From his companions blithe and gay,
And thus to wander there, so changed
In mien, amid youth's bright array?

Has fickle fortune ceased to guide
His steps along the paths of lore?
Has some dear friend or sister died,
The loss of whom he must deplore?

Ah! no, a sorrow greater far
Than these has made him weep and sigh;
One that will never cease to mar
The brightest hopes however high.

A simple tale: he shanced one night
To 'tend a social in the town;
'Twas there the flower received the blight
Which has thus quickly borne it down.

A pair of blue eyes, dancing bright
Beneath a wealth of auburn hair,
Was the small cause of this great plight,
And proved more than the youth could bear.

In vain he strove to win a smile,
They only answered with a frown,
And sadder still he saw the while
Another win the wished for crown.

And now his friends and teachers kind
  Strive to console his grief, but he
Flees from their presence, and they find
  That comforted he will not be.

His dormitory, once so bright
  With merriment, is silent now;
His books which once were his delight
  Dispel no gloom from off his brow.

And now dear students warning take
  By this sad tale; though sad, yet true;
Bend to your books, let nothing shake
  Your aim; all other things subdue.

For learning is a jealous elf
  Who is content with nothing less
Than your whole mind and heart and self;
  And grudges even one caress.

Be true to her and she will prove
  A blessing truly good and great;
Give her your mind, your strength, your love;
  At least until you graduate.

THE RESCUE.

A TALE OF THE TURF IN 1890.

"Mother, don't cry, for it may be
  Father has been detained to-night,
You know he ever faithfully
  Comes home, and always right;

You say he has thus far been true,
And what he promises he'll do."

"Yes child, he always has been kind,
And it is wrong for me to fear;
But there is something on my mind
Which troubles me my dear;
Did you not notice that, last night,
He seemed as if all was not right?"

"Yes, mother, what you say is true,
He did not take me on his knee,
Or sister, as he used to do
Ere we sat down to tea;
But then perhaps he never thought,
And blame him I don't think we ought."

"If this was all I would not care;
But then I noticed more than that,
He did not smile or come to share
Our evening laugh and chat;
And this he never failed to do;
My child, I noticed more than you.

"And after you had gone to sleep
I asked him why he looked so sad,
'Tis what he answered makes me weep;
He said that I was mad;
And when I cried he talked so strange;
I can't account for such a change.

"Last night he was an hour late,
And now to-night he will be more,
For it is very nearly eight;

He never stayed before ;
Children don't cry, I cannot bear
Your tears, they fill me with despair."

The mother by the window stands
Watching the road with tearful eyes ;
The sister clasps the brother's hands,
Tears with tears sympathize :
The clock strikes eight and soon the light
Speeding away gives place to night.

The table spread with loving care
Remains just as two hours ago,
And only one is wanting there
To change this scene of woe
Into a sunny paradise,
Replete with love and glad surprise.

And now the anxious mother hears
A sound of foot-falls in the lane ;
All quickly brush away the tears
And joy dispels their pain ;
"'Tis he" they gladly cry, and all
Run forth to meet him in the hall.

No frown or look of pain to-night
Repels their tender anxious gaze,
But each receives the welcome bright
Denied two painful days ;
The marks of pain they cannot hide,
Then lovingly he 'gins to chide.

"Why weep dear wife, and children too,
Because for once I was downcast ?

How could you doubt me ever true
After the happy past?
When love [illegible] remains a stay
It cannot wither in a day."

"'Twas love for you that made me keep
The secret locked within my breast;
All night I could not think to sleep,
My mind was sore distressed;
But now dear wife the cloud is past,
I pray that it may be the last."

"Never again will I refuse
To share my cares and fears with you,
Or, by withholding, so abuse
A heart so warm and true;
Dear ones we're free from all disgrace—
The horse I jockied lost the race."

"LOST."

Lost, only a leaflet faded and worn,
But it told a tale, how on one bright day
It was plucked by a youthful hand and borne
So light from the parent stem away:
But its place can be filled by another as bright,
And its loss, if a loss, is only slight.

Lost, [illegible] a worn-out band of gold,
A gift from a hand so soft and warm
In a time long past, ere a love grew cold
And crushed by the blast of a cruel storm:
But another soon claimed a place at its side,
And the thoughts it awakened have long since died.

Lost, only a picture scratched and marred
By the all-destroying hand of time;
Once 'twas looked upon with a warm regard
And its loss would then have been felt a crime:
But its honored place another has filled,
And the feelings it stirred have long been stilled.

Lost, an honest, upright and honored name
In a moment's time; but that one dark deed
Throughout all time must remain the same
A mind to torture, a heart to bleed:
A love, a token may be replaced,
But a name, no never, when once disgraced.

"DON'T YOU DO IT."

Some choose to stray from wisdom's way
In devious paths aside,
To suit the aims and oddities
Of friends not always tried,
And they who try will not deny
That very oft they rue it;
If you'd be wise take this advice:—
Be firm and don't you do it.

We must confess that business
Brings on a host of cares,
And they are sure to bear them best
Who mind their own affairs;
Then hints are cast both thick and fast
As helps to push us through it,
They cry, "My man just try our plan,"
But mind them, don't you do it.

Perhaps you cling to tippling,
  Meet friends at every turn,
You would reform but then you fear
  Your friendship they will spurn;
You cannot pass the offered glass,
  And you will ne'er subdue it
If, when they press, you answer "Yes"
  And tipple; don't you do it.

All own there's tricks in politics,
  And few there be who find
The task a very simple one
  To please the public mind;
But when you've found the side that's sound
  Be manly and stick to it,
And don't be beat by one defeat
  Or canvass, don't you do it.

When first some choose to court the muse
  They're silenced every time
But those who, ten to one, don't know
  A page of prose from rhyme;
Don't mind their cry, "You soar too high,"
  Soar higher and keep to it,
Their foolish bray will die away,
  And please them, don't you do it.

Don't be cast down by every frown
  Or turn your aims aside
To please the whims and vanities
  Of ignorance and pride.
Trust less to pense than common sense

And seldom you will rue it;
Don't be the slave of any knave;
Such friendships cost, don't do it.

"TO LIVE."

To live: 'tis not to trifle time away,
As though 'twere so much dross and without end;
Perchance it may seem long, but who would stray
With careless step, or who would dare depend
A life upon the chances of a day,
Or mark some future date at which to mend
A character defaced by many a rent,
The wages of life's precious hours mispent.

To live: 'tis not to heave the bitter sigh
And mourn our wasted breath in solitude;
'Tis not to fret o'er evils ever nigh,
Expecting all to pass and leave but good;
For evils come unasked, like Satan's lie,
Bearing false hopes the better to intrude;
But good, like hidden treasure, must be sought,
And if retained regarded more than aught.

To live: 'tis not to view fair nature's face
And see no evidence of wise design;
'Tis not to gaze around and fail to trace
The master touches of a Hand divine;
'Tis not to scorn the symmetry and grace
Set forth in every freature, every line,
Or hold such wonders but the work of chance,
Of some wild freak or untold circumstance.

To live: 'tis not to be enveloped fast
In self, as molluscs are within a shell;
'Tis not to hoard up wealth and never cast
A mite to one on whom mischances fell,
'Tis not to count our fellows' interests last
And think in love and peace of mind to dwell,
Or by another's toil enjoy repose,
Filling the measure of a brother's woes.

To live: 'tis not to seek our happiness
Within the limits of a few short years;
'Tis not to close our eyes in carelessness
And never look beyond this vale of tears.
'Tis not to steep the mind in slothfulness
And frown wherever wisdom's light appears,
Or sow the seeds of discord wantonly
And hope for an eternal harmony.

To live: 'tis not to cowardly assume
The end of all existence in the grave
Where nothing brighter than an endless gloom
Awaits alike the craven and the brave.
'Tis not to smother conscience and presume
By works an everlasting soul to save,
Or deem God's revelation all a lie:
To live is naught but to prepare to die.

"GOD IS GOOD."

What beauties greet the dwellers here
In this our fruitful Isle,
When, robed in summer's fairest hue,
She wears her choicest smile;

Plenty and peace on ev'ry hand
  Are in their sweetest mood,
Making the dullest heart to bound
  And utter "God is good."

Fair fields that stand excelled by none,
  In richest verdure crowned,
Do homage to the breeze that spreads
  Delicious fragrance 'round;
While, clothed in garbs of living green,
  Each orchard, grove and wood
Wafts light along a peaceful sigh
  That murmurs "God is good."

Like messengers of happiness
  With songs of liberty
The bright-robed warblers flit about
  Each scene of industry;
Bearing aloft on joyful wing,
  To feed their tiny brood,
Some dainty scrap, and in their way
  Exclaiming "God is good."

The peaceful herds at noonde sought
  The cooling shade and brook;
While each contented husbandman
  His homeward journey took
To share in the well earned repast,
  And, for his livlihood,
To offer his acknowledgment,
  And thanks that God is good.

Old-fashioned homesteads in the midst
  Of plenty charm the sight,

While music from the barn-yard fills
  The ear with new delight:
Offsprings of honest, patient toil
  And cheerful hardihood:
Emblems of peace that testify
  To all that God is good.

We look in vain for poverty
  Where industry abounds;
We hear no wail of misery
  Where happiness resounds;
We cherish liberality
  And Christian brotherhood,
Knowing that unto those who live
  Uprightly God is good.

Others may boast a broader land
  But none more rich than ours:
Others may sing of brighter climes,
  They have no fairer flowers;
Others may tell of luxury,
  We have our daily food;
And none with more sincerity
  Can say "Our God is good."

"FAINT HEART," ETC.

Dear lady, could I dare to woo,
  I'd quickly take my stand
Along the list of lovers true
  And venture for your hand;
But then I fear that such a course
  Would bring me only pain:

Love unconfessed is hard, but worse
When answered with disdain.

I fain would "make a breast of it,"
As vulgar people say,
And risk the chance that counterfeit
Be tendered me as pay;
That glance and smile I must confess
Seemed rather genuine,
But love is risky business
Whose ways I can't define.

The more I think the deeper grows
My sad perplexity,
The love that drives away repose
Is not the thing for me;
The birds that hover 'round my cot,
The bees and flowers, too,
Seem to enjoy a brighter lot
Than I whene'er I woo.

Then I must ever wait and sigh,
Like Cupid in a snare,
Until a kinder fate comes by
To free me from my care;
And give, perchance, some heart to cheer
My poor declining days;
Then farewell sighs, begone dull fear,
I'll sing in gladder lays.